

BREAD, IF YOU PLEASE.

BEAUTIES.

WHAT IS LOVE?

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BY W. W. BROOM,

Author of *INTEMPERANCE, AN ENGLISHMAN'S THOUGHTS, LETTERS TO THE TOILING, FRIENDS OF AMERICA, ETC.*

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O the joy of that vast elemental Sympathy which only the human Soul is capable of generating and emitting in steady and limitless floods.

—WHITMAN'S *Green Leaves*.

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Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled.

*Proverbs, Chap. 9, v. 5.*

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CLEVELAND, O.:

W. S. ROBISON & CO., PRINTERS, 65 AND 67 FRANKFORT STREET.

240.

1887

# HIRAM COLLEGE,

HIRAM, OHIO, September 8th, 1873.

MR. W. W. BROOM has just completed a course of three lectures in Hiram. These lectures have abounded in strong argument, in valuable information, and in stirring appeal. Although I do not concur with all the views that have been advanced, I am glad to say that the substance of the addresses has been wholesome, salutary and morally elevating. Mr. BROOM ought to be well sustained in the lecture field.

B. A. HINSDALE, *Pres. Hiram College.*

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REV. W. W. BROOM visited this place recently and favored us with a course of three lectures on the following subjects: TEMPERANCE, CHRISTIAN VIRTUES AND PAGAN VICES, and THE MIRACLES OF JESUS. This gentleman is an Englishman by birth and education, who has been for some time past lecturing before American audiences. In many respects he is a truly wonderful man. His mind seems stored with facts from almost every department of literature, and although in many respects his logic is poor, his lectures, simply from the facts which they contain, are well worthy of careful attention.

—*Cleveland Evening News*, Oct. 8, 1873.

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The usual monotony of school and village life was most agreeably interrupted lately by the advent of an able and instructive lecturer in the person of MR. W. W. BROOM, a native of England, and at the present time traveling in the above-mentioned capacity through different parts of this country. This gentleman delivered a series of lectures here, extending through three evenings, treating, respectively, the following subjects: TEMPERANCE, PAGAN VICES AND CHRISTIAN VIRTUES, and THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST. We regret exceedingly our inability to give full analysis of these addresses, as they are eminently worthy of prominent and widespread notice. We will say, however, in regard to their general character, that they are replete with valuable information, of an elevated religious tone, and abound in eloquent and stirring appeals to our moral and intellectual natures.

—*Cleveland Herald*, Sept. 30, 1873.

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W. W. BROOM'S address is,

89, GREENWOOD STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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Love is the one central experience in all, and is that grand and characteristic element which makes all men alike Christians ; yet Love develops itself in different degrees in different men—in some gradually, in some suddenly—in some, it is transfused with the imagination ; in others, it is a very plain and homely emotion. It rushes like a mountain from some hearts—in others, it is like a silver spring in a meadow—silent, gentle, and almost invincible.

—REV. H. W. BEECHER'S *Introduction to Revivals*.

---

‘ I say no man has been half Eloquent enough,  
None has ever adored or worshiped half enough,  
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how  
certain the future is.  
I specifically announce that the real and permanent grandeur of  
These States must be their Religion.  
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur.  
What are you doing, young man?  
Are you so earnest—so given up to Literature, Science, Art?  
These ostensible Realities, Materials, Points?”



TO PROFESSOR H. SPAULDING.

---

Here are some flowers from the garden of my imagination. They are not perfect. The seed and soil were not of the best. As the flowers opened to the daylight, they cheered my gloom. Take them—let not thy learning make thee too proud to soothe the vanity of a lonely, unfortunate and disappointed man. They are the only gifts of admiration and affection that one who is alike ruined in fortune and sight can bestow. For thee—there is the College, perfumed with hope, and gleaming with the aspirations of youth. For me—there are only the cowl and the cell of Despair. Accept these flowers, and my despair will be changed into Resignation. Refuse them—no touch of pity, nor sound of joy will reach me. Turn from them, then the beams of the sun of my desire will be broken and inverted—and my soul will moan in darkness.

W. W. BROOM.

“Bread--if you Please.”

---

Time comes again with his Scythe,  
Shortening our life;  
Over restless, eternal seas,  
Yearly he flees.

In cradles little ones bloom,  
Charming the room,  
Laughing to see King Time  
As they spring to their prime!

Maidens wait for the glad hour,  
Gaining Love's dower;  
Clasping in smiles the fond prize  
With joy-gemmed eyes!

Fearless they wish the years to rush by,  
'Tis their sweet lullaby!  
Thoughtless of swift-coming grimness of night,  
Shading Sorrow from Light.

Hist! there's the doleful refrain,  
And the pattering rain: (1)  
Far away, through the big city,  
Women sigh without pity.

---

(1) As the last hour of the Old Year (1871) crept away, the thick rain pattered down, through a densely black atmosphere. Not a star visible — the Queen of Night unseen. The wind moaned like a troubled soul over the bleak western hills — through the leafless forests — along the shipless lakes — moaned as though moaning the Song of Doom.

Children shiver in rags, clammy, cold,  
Sharp-featured and old;  
Lone women doubt of the value of life,  
*Their* flowers are strife;  
Silently sighing for Affection's grasp,  
The echo's a-gasp:  
Wearied men pining slowly away,  
"Does Life pay?"

Lights shining gaily in gilded saloons,  
Over New Year's festoons;  
Music and song—fashion in curls,  
Fortune's proud girls!  
Men merry—joking and fanning,  
Many schemes planning,  
Heedless of Time—forgetting the Scythe  
Shortening their life.

Races and nations, not at their ease,  
"Bread—if you Please!"  
Through all ages sounds the sad voice,  
Who *can* rejoice?

Still the same Problems the Preachers unfold,  
Life's product untold;  
Still comes the shrill cry over all seas,  
"Bread—if you Please."

The fierce Cry unstifled—even by Rifle—  
To the Statesman no trifle;  
Not killed by Time—early and late—  
Comes Poverty's fate.

In cellar and garret, in cottage and hall,  
Is heard the voice small,  
Like the uncertain wind always roaming,  
Ceaseless in moaning;  
Rustling silk dresses, shaking all ease,  
"Bread—if you Please!"  
Pale is the face, glaring the eyes,  
Making constant surprise.

Open the way!—King Time must go by:  
Heave not a sigh;  
Take Divine Faith—Angels are singing,  
Far-off Bells are ringing.

From the blue lake CHRIST comes thro' the gloom,  
Bringing light to your room;  
Work with the needle at the rough table,  
Hope makes you able:  
Patiently wait, though not at your ease,  
Bread *will* come, if you Please!

There's *strength* in the thought, *felt* every day:  
Life's *not* a play;  
'Tis Something (unknown) and most Real—  
Not an Ideal.

What? Whence? Comes from afar,  
'Tis God's Human Star!  
Pouring forth Light—pouring forth Love;  
God is above!

Keep to *this* faith till the Scythe comes again,  
Away with your pain!  
For the old sad voice *is* a Song giving ease,  
"Bread—if you Please."



1872--1873.

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Last night of the swift Old Year—  
Snow on the ground, mist in the air;  
Light in the City—the City all light;  
For the rich 'tis all day, for the poor 'tis all night.

Old age greets with doubt the New Year;  
The young greet with welcome most clear;  
The poets with joy, the saints with bright eyes,  
As the angels' song rings through the skies.

Banish your Sorrow, ye children of wrong,  
Gladden your hearts with the sweetness of song;  
Look to the stars reflecting the light  
On the green earth, robed in crystals of white.

There's cheer for us all in the laughing New Year,  
If mantled we are in actions sincere;  
Cheer for the Lover, for the Mother's much care,  
For the father's hard work, for the sinner's sad prayer.

We're cradled in fear, we're nurtured in pain;  
We rush in frenzy something to gain;  
We grasp at a bubble, we sigh with a stare,  
As our hopes are all wrecked at the end of the year.

Through the gloom of Despair, see the light of the sphere,  
Of the ruddy New Year—dash away your sad tear—  
Drown your sorrow in hope—sing the song of good cheer—  
As you greet the coming of the merry New Year.

## Woman's Nature.

---

Woman is like a rose leaf,  
Pretty her form, her thought's are brief;  
She scatters perfume on her way,  
Increasing her beauty every day.

Like a rose leaf, so 's her heart,  
One with all, yet grows apart.  
She's fresh to-day, the same to-morrow;  
Her wit is pointed as an arrow.

Her eyes are like the orbs of night,  
Round, and filled with mellow light.  
She's a ray of heaven on earth,  
Extending with her children's birth.

You'll see her here, you'll find her there,  
At groan of want or call for prayer.  
She's a flower, smiling in the spring;  
A dove, with Mercy's angel wing.

A sun, dispelling Sorrow's gloom;  
A Spirit singing at the tomb.  
She's nectar to the Poet's soul;  
A zephyr wafted from pole to pole.

## St. Rosalia's Friend.

---

Soft and sparkling, like a frosty night,  
Came forth a Lady laced in white ;  
She held a Scroll ; her face was flushed ;  
The laugh of youth and scorn of age were hushed.

Low was her voice as breeze of summer's morn ;  
Clear as the dew's sparkle on the grassy lawn,  
Tremulous as light on Flora's breast,  
Sweet as the breath of infant laid to rest.

'Tis Saint Rosalia's fond and fervid friend ;  
She tells the soul's life's story to its earthly end,  
Then sings a Psalm of loving cheer  
To Saints who work throughout the year.

Climbing to God ! ROSALIA worked her way ;  
Climbing to God ! she murmured every day ;  
Climbing to God ! The air was struck with light ;  
Climbing to God ! O, joy in darkest night.

Thus HELEN told, in words both fit and few,  
The story old, and yet a story ever new,  
Of Saints who struggle, toil and plod,  
To reach the home of their all-loving God !

She ceased her voice, not her spell on throng,  
It echoed through them like the notes of song.  
She glided from the common platform's board,  
And looked—"Come ! all to dwell with Heaven's Lord."

## Beauty.

---

Beauty's a Spirit lighter than air,  
With cheeks and eyes  
Bright as the skies,  
It glides to touch with genius rare.  
Beauty is full of sportful pride,  
Dancing in light  
On a summer's night,  
'Till it turns the Maid to a joyful Bride.

---

## A Mother's Lament.

---

My child! my child is dead,  
Its fair and curly head  
Is underneath the sod,  
Its soul is dwelling with its God.  
My child! my child is dead,  
Its little cheeks were red,  
Blue were its eyes  
As are yonder summer skies.  
My child! my child is dead,  
I cannot hear its morning prayer  
Nor evening hymn:  
Its life is freed from a world of sin.  
My child! my child's not here;  
Nor in the coming year  
Will its laugh be heard,  
Nor my soul be stirred  
By gazing on the image of my early self.



## Beautiful Love.

---

Sweet Love ! the noblest and the best  
Of passions, always to be blest ;  
It soothes all troubles into rest,  
And throbs with joy the gently prest ;  
It breathes on all delicious sighs,  
And floats Life's air with azure skies.

It lights with smiles the grim old man,  
And stills his grief o'er broken plan :  
He feels for others, dispels his groan ;  
He sleeps in dreams, no sob nor moan.

O'er the hills the Boy's away,  
Far from his Mother ; day after day,  
She longs expectant, she hourly waits ;  
No step is heard, no song at the gates.  
Love sustains her anxious care,  
And solaces with an evening Prayer.  
The Boy in perils is nerved with bliss,  
In fancy he feels his Mother's kiss ;  
He laughs in sleep—he's filled with glee—  
He swims in Love's dear ecstasy !  
Mother and Boy are never alone,  
They feel each other in Heaven's Zone.  
Love is the Golden Cord that binds  
Body and Soul of all mankind.

The Outcasts of great cities' pelf  
Are not the victims of pure self;  
Stretching along the Road of Life,  
Charity goes to the burning strife;  
It leaves behind in gloom its home,  
To do the bidding of Love alone.  
The wretched ones fed—all rejoice  
As they hear the notes of Pity's voice.

The grimmest visage changes quite,  
And keeps no Anger warm 'till night;  
For night's the time when Love's supreme,  
Beautiful Solacer! beautiful queen!  
Brightest of forms, enchanting spell,  
Entrancing dweller in violet's dell.  
She drinks the reddest of Rose's aroma;  
She visits all lands and the wild seas all over.  
She dresses in star-rays, rides on a sunbeam;  
Dashes through darkness, God's merciful gleam.  
She speaks with a voice tender as Zephyr,  
And scatters her goodness—most tireless giver.  
She touches Despair—she robes the forlorn;  
She smoothes the brows of Malice and Scorn.  
She smiles through the days, singing each night;  
Beautiful Love! O, beautiful quite!

*Chardon, O., Sept. 16, 1873.*

## Beauties.

---

There are Beauties on our earth, in its bosom deep and wide,  
Beauties in the singing birds, in the rippling of the tide ;  
Beauties in the stars above, shining always through the night,  
Beauties in the oaken forests, leafy homes for sportive Sprite.

Beauties in the sounds of air, music tones of ev'ry sphere,  
Beauties in the Hopes of men, in our Books we cradled there ;  
Beauties in the Love of woman, read in looks as bright as  
    flowers,  
Beauties in the sunshine clear, and in the gently falling showers.

Beauties in the ruby lips, in the curly hair of girls,  
Beauties in their winning ways, in their words as soft as pearls ;  
Beauties in the merry pranks of our wicked little boys,  
Beauties in their "cu'rus" looks, when they're breaking all  
    their toys !

Beauties in the speech of men, when they're telling of the  
    good,  
Beauties in the old man's thoughts, tho' not always under  
    stood ;  
Beauties in the clash of steel, when 'tis ringing for the right,  
Beauties in the wounds of men, when endur'd to conquer  
    Might !

Beauties in the roll of Time, silent as the wings of Death,  
Beauties in the true man's life, gentle as an infant's breath !  
Beauties in the Harvest Hours, when the Reapers work with  
    care,  
Beauties in the words of all, can be heard, O, ev'rywhere.

Beauties on the sea, where our boys are near their grave,  
Beauties in the Martyr who has tried to free the slave ;  
Beauties seen by trav'ler, in lands far off, unknown,  
Beauties in the water, tho' its drops are turn'd to stone.

Ev'ry Atom has its Beauties, beauties of the precious sort,  
Beauties free from tyrants' ban, for with gold they can't be  
bought ;

They command our deepest love, for their numbers are sublime,

Like figures on a Dial, clustered round the Face of Time.

O Glorious Universe ! still thy stars above are shining,  
Casting rays that soften feeling into those who are repining ;  
O Paradise of Beauties ! let me dwell within thy Bowers,  
To learn thy Brightest Lessons, whilst Age is gath'ring  
Hours.

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### *H* Love-letter.

---

I *will* write to you, Love !  
You're like a star that's above—  
Bright, pure, and serene ;  
A beautiful queen !

I saw you *this* day  
In the fields, on my way  
To the dell of Red Roses,  
Where fragrance reposes.

Your fine head you shook,  
And gave me a look,  
So warm and so free,  
Like a gush of the sea !

It fired my rapt heart,  
Leaving no smart ;  
But made me regret  
I had you not yet,  
In the chains that hold fast  
And ever will last,  
Of dear HYMEN !



## What is Love?

---

What is Love? 'Tis a treasure,  
Ever varying in its pleasure;  
Now it gives, now it takes,  
Like willows weeping by the lakes.  
Its music is here, its music is there,  
Playing to words that are everywhere.  
At night it soothes the troubled heart;  
On busy 'Change it plays a part.  
The Poet's soul it bathes in bliss,  
And thrills the Maid with a balmy kiss.  
The father's heart it steeps in joy,  
As he gazes on his little boy.  
It wreathes in smiles the Mother's face,  
And gives her life a saintly grace.  
Sweet Cousin clasps the school-boy dear,  
As home he goes from year to year;  
And sighs delight o'er his manly looks,  
As she cons her lessons in Cupid's books.  
In sick child's room it stays awhile;  
'Tis Beauty, resting on the Spirit's Isle.  
O Death! thy stings are harmless quite,  
When Love steals round thee with its silvery light.  
Love! thy power I'll sing again,  
On land and on the dancing main;  
For thou hast cast thy coil around  
The Mermaid's home, the witches' ground.  
Ah! wicked, gleesome, arrowy Sprite,  
I *feel* thee in the darkest night.  
In dungeon's gloom, thou art a gleam  
Of Hope, unclouded, pure, serene.

## Love is a Conqueror.

---

And *her* nature is Love!—her heart, her brains, her soul are Love! Love, thrilling over the past, penetrating the present, looking forward to the future. Love dashes forth in the black night of a hideous storm (GRACE DARLING) to rescue little ones and old ones from Neptune's impartial jaws of destruction. Love leaves the cozy parlor to tread the old Crimea (FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE), to touch with tender patience and healing care the brows of wounded and exhausted men. Love rises in the bitter sharpness of a Northern atmosphere, faces the blinding and freezing snow (JOHN HOWARD) for old age to drink the poison of death in the room of a plague-stricken Russian girl. Love forces a sturdy king to steep his brains in forgetfulness of honor, duty and self-respect—to make him play the part (HENRY VIII.) of a dotard and a slave beneath the sceptre of the Queen of Hearts! Love makes a queen delight in secret dalliance and in public jealousy (ELIZABETH, of England,) to become an enigma for historians. Love makes a foreign lady submit to the constant indiscretions of her lord, and daily seek consolation (CATHERINE DE BRAGANZA) in the unfashionable tea-pot! Love chaineth the Sea-lion (LORD NELSON) to a blackened reputation—a reputation that stains the memory of one of the bravest heroes in the hour of national danger. Love thrilled the heart of Scotia's far-famed Poet, and struck from his fancy blissful music. Love is a Conqueror whose train of captives reaches round the world!

# A DEFENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

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CUYAHOGA FALLS, February 27, 1873.

Last Wednesday evening, February 26th, REV. W. W. BROOM delivered his lecture on "PAGAN VICES AND CHRISTIAN VIRTUES" in the M. E. Church of this place—and I take pleasure in saying that it was one of the rarest treats of my life. The congregation seemed to hang with delight upon his sentences, and but one opinion prevailed, that this lecture was the most unsectarian and able defence of Christianity that has ever been made in this place.

The Lecturer is a bold and original thinker—one of the most thoroughly cultured and well read men of the times. Mr. BROOM presented in beautiful and striking contrast Paganism and Christianity, as they stretch back over the centuries, showing how poor and barren this world would be were it not for Christ and Christianity. We sincerely hope, in these times when there is so great tendency to Materialism and various forms of error, that it may be the good fortune of many, at an early day, to listen to this eminent thinker and attractive and eloquent speaker.

E. A. SQUIER,

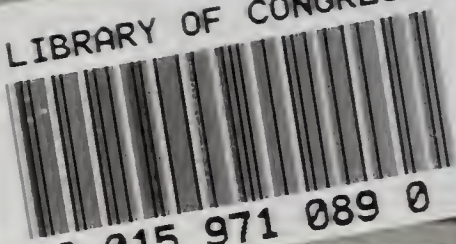
PASTOR M. E. CHURCH.

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W. W. BROOM'S address is,

89, GREENWOOD STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.





# A NEW WORK ON TEMPERANCE.

(From the Akron Daily Beacon.)

"A subscription list is headed by GEORGE W. McNEIL and F. SCHUMACKER, of this city, to raise \$500 to enable W. W. BROOM to issue a volume of his ESSAYS ON TEMPERANCE, with the title of

## 'SHOTS FROM A WELL TRIED GUN.'

The volume will consist of 250 pages, and be neatly bound in muslin. Many parts of the book have been published in England and America, doing much good for the Temperance Cause."

Among the friends of Temperance who have signed their names and paid their subscriptions, there are, in

### AKRON.

George W. McNeil,  
F. Schumacker,  
Rev. S. H. McClester,  
Lewis Miller,  
J. B. Buchtel,  
Thomas Phillips,  
Hugo Schumacker.

### CUYAHOGA FALLS.

Rev. E. A. Squier,  
John Hinde,  
Tillie A. Snyder,  
Samuel Wills.

### YOUNGSTOWN.

Edwin Bell,  
R. Brown,  
James Stevenson,  
Rev. J. Peat,  
James Cartwright.

### COLUMBIANA.

William Lair.

Rev. J. E. Carroll.

### HIRAM.

Hon. J. A. Garfield,  
B. A. Hinsdale,  
D. E. Woodard.

### NEWTON FALLS.

Lyman S. Soule,  
Ellis Ensign,  
W. W. Herbert,  
Allen Hoyle,  
Phebe E. Hall,  
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### GARRETSVILLE.

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E. W. Sanderson.

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C. W. Carroll.

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### WILLOUGHBY.

Rev. R. H. Hurlburt,  
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### BOSTON.

Wendell Phillips.